A Warrior from Heaven

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Rudayn Qaqish

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Dedication

To every person who cares for a better world, to all my family members who encouraged me through my work, and to all of those who loved my writings, I dedicate this book.

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Acknowledgment

I always wanted to talk to the world somehow, about peace, love and humanity. And I think that's my best way to do it, to write a story that can open peolple's minds and hearts.

One

Heaven Is Waiting

Kaine and Irene sat in a famous fancy restaurant at lunch, smiling at one another, with beautiful, soft music playing and waiters moving around with food. The patrons, who were here to relax, were eating, giggling, and murmuring.

Kaine was a famous FBI agent—tough, handsome, and kindhearted—who loved his wife, Irene, so much, that he was ready to die for her. Irene deserved it; she was a pretty, caring woman who loved him so much. They were rich but also giving; they liked to help people as much as they could.

Such a happy couple . . .

"Honey, what do you say, Paris or Berlin?" asked Kaine.

"Told you honey, both," Irene said softly with her beautiful smile.

Kaine's face got a bit red. He couldn't say no to that gorgeous look of hers.

"Come on, honey. Don't give me that look," Kaine said, looking around and trying to not get weak from her beauty. After a moment, he said politely, "OK, honey, as you wish."

Irene giggled as she ate the delicious steak and drank the fantastic wine they had ordered. "I love you so much, honey. You're so considerate." She looked so happy.

"I love you way more," answered Kaine.

At around 5:00 p.m. they walked out of the restaurant, full with delicious food that made them tired, somehow sleepy, in this wonderful weather, with wind moving softly between the trees and on their skin. The sun warmed their bodies as they hugged each other and walked slowly. What could be more beautiful than all of this?

As they were walking, the valet guy arrived. "Hello, Sir. Can I have the card to get you the car, please?" he asked politely.

"No thanks. I parked it myself, actually," said Kaine.

"Oh, OK. Sorry, Sir. Take care," the valet guy said and walked away. Kaine and Irene continued moving toward their expensive black car.

Suddenly, Kaine stopped walking. He took Irene's hand and made her stand directly behind him. His face became serious, because he saw two guys wearing black clothes in an old car on the other side, looking at him. He felt suspicious.

"Stay behind me," he told Irene.

"What's wrong? Honey, answer me." There was fear in Irene's voice. Clearly she understood that something was wrong.

Kaine didn't answer; instead he walked toward the two men with an angry face. He wasn't someone to mess with, especially when he was mad, but even fearless hearts on sunny days could fall. No one knew that darkness could cover the sun and everything upon it.

When Kaine reached the men, he put his right hand on top of the car and lowered his head near the two bold guys.

"What are you looking at?" he asked angrily.

They just smiled, but didn't answer. Then Kaine had a flashback: he remembered when he had captured these men on a gray night, while they were trying to kill someone in the street just for money. Selfish, heartless people like them should stay in jail forever.

"So you're out of jail, cute boys," Kaine sneered.

Suddenly, the guy who was driving pulled a gun and put it to Kaine's chest. Kaine was shocked, a million thoughts on his mind. He didn't know what to do now because the situation had crippled his thoughts. *Shit! I can't do something stupid now, and if I move they may shoot and the bullets may hit Irene*, he thought.

"Honey, come on, no need for trouble." Irene looked afraid, squeezing her hands together.

"It's all right, honey," Kaine said loudly, waving his hand.

"It's not all right, Mr. Kaine!" the driver screamed in his face.

Kaine stood a step back, and then—*boom! boom!* Two bullets went into Kaine's chest. Blood poured from his chest. He felt faint and fell to the ground with unclear vision. As his knees hit the ground, he looked at the men, with blood coming out of his mouth.

"I'm going to get you," said Kaine in a low, weak voice. He could barely speak.

"Not this time . . ." said the driver with a sarcastic smile.

Irene started running toward Kaine. The two guys stepped on the gas and sped away.

"NO! HONEY!" Irene screamed, with tears filling her eyes. She fell next to him, caught him tightly in her arms, and started crying, screaming like it was the end of her life. Her love was gone and her heart wrenched with a pain that would never fade.

She heard a voice. "Police, we need help now. We are at . . ." It was the valet guy on his phone, just trying to help. There were no other voices, only Irene speaking to her husband. Her mind couldn't understand or hear a thing anymore. "Don't do this, honey. Not you—please, not you. Please, *God*, not him." Irene

cried and cried, putting her head against his.

In the hospital, a place with many hurt people inside, there wasn't anyone sadder than Irene. She stood rooted next to the door of Kaine's room, not speaking or moving, only looking at the door waiting for the doctor to get out and waiting to hear news. No matter how hard she tried to fight them, her tears kept falling down and she kept wiping them, drop by drop.

The door opened, and so did her eyes. "Please, God," she said to herself.

"I'm sorry," the doctor said with his eyes on the floor. He moved from the door and Irene ran inside with a sadness she couldn't hold back. Kaine was lying on the bed, dead. She closed her eyes at first, trembling with fear at the sight before her.

To her surprise, her sister, Madeline, came out of nowhere. She held Irene's middle tightly, kissed her forehead, held her hand, and brought her closer to Kaine. Madeline was a tough, pretty woman who had gone through many difficult things in her life, and she always stood by her sister like a shoulder that couldn't be pressed by any weight.

"Go, beautiful," whispered Madeline.

Irene went to Kaine, cried again, and hugged him as he lay frozen in his bed. She kissed his lips for the last time, her tears dropping on his face.

I'm always going to be next to you, my best sister . . . always, Madeline said in her mind while looking at this half-dead couple, a couple who had been happy for one moment, before sudden death had captured one of them in the blink of an eye.

The next day in the cemetery, many friends and family members arrived in black clothes. Some were in tears and some stood strong. Irene was standing still, waiting for the right moment to say something. They started praying, and after they finished, Irene raised her head, her eyes filled with tears.

"I want to say something," she said. Everyone nodded at her so that she could say whatever she wanted. She wiped her tears and took a deep breath. Then she said, "Let Heaven know that every person has a few very important things in life that he or she holds dearest, and let Heaven know that the harder we hold on, the faster it goes away—especially when it's a person that we hold on to and love. That person will be the first to go, and we shall live with it even with tears that burn. We just have to. And we should forget even those little things that made us have beautiful dreams—after all, words lose their meanings once the person we love is gone. However, I have learned that we shouldn't put our hands on things we cannot change. What happened has just happened, and it may be for a reason and it may not be for one, so we can hold on to things with all that we've got or let go with both hands. I'll always hold Kaine tightly, even if he isn't here.

"I want to say to God that I'm bent but not broken, and I still don't understand Kaine much even though I'm his wife. Sometimes he wished for strange things, like, 'I wish for a kind Heaven, a peaceful Hell, a silent sky, and other things.' And every few days, he would look at the cross on the wall in our room and say, 'God, I am what I am and you are what you are, so forgive me my mistakes.' So I hope that God will forgive him for everything. He was a great, kindhearted person who deserves

to be in Heaven. That's all. Thank you all for listening."

Silence gripped the cemetery as everyone looked at Irene. No one spoke for a while. What she had said was astonishing, and heavenly words like that couldn't be forgotten. Finally, everyone came around to console her, but the cold skin of her body wouldn't be relieved that easily now. It was as if her husband's soul were covering her all the time, but no more tears fell from her eyes. Was that toughness or just trying to get used to pain that crippled the heart, trying to live with it so that she wouldn't fall apart so easily? She believed that there would come a day when she would see him again—even if it was in Heaven.

Two

Heaven Meets Kaine

Not far away, Kaine was waking up. He was wearing white clothes, and he was tired, as if he had slept for days.

He stood up after a while and looked around. His vision wasn't clear at first, but then he shook his head a little bit, closed his eyes, and rubbed them. When he opened them again, all was clear.

Then he saw this astonishing and breathtaking place full of light and peace, and there he could hear beautiful silence. He was on a small hill with many other hills around it, and the ground down there between the beautiful hills looked like it was made from clouds. The sky was just like ours on Earth, but there was no sun. It seemed to be clear and full of light all the time.

He also saw beautiful tall trees around him and grass under him. There were small rivers everywhere in this beautiful landscape. He looked around to see many people playing next to the rivers and on the hills, and others lying down to just relax. He could hear laughs and happiness from those people, just happiness everywhere. Then he heard footsteps coming from behind him. Some people had come to see him, because he was new.

"Welcome, my friend," a warm voice from behind said.

Kaine turned to see who it was. A guy with big white wings was just smiling at Kaine as if he was waiting for him or already

knew him.

Kaine was nervous. “Who are you?”

“I’m Michael, my friend.” Michael was still smiling.

“And where am I?” mumbled Kaine.

“You’re in Heaven. How is that? Clear enough, right?” Michael smiled again.

Kaine was shocked. “Oh! So I’m dead?”

“No! You got two bullets in the heart and you’re still alive. HAHAHAHA!” Michael laughed. Then he added, “Of course you’re dead.”

Kaine felt some kind of weird power coming out of Michael, like a pressure that might put him down on his knees. He could feel it also moving between his fingers, but it was a relief, a great heavenly power—not something to fear, but something to feel safe next to. “Why are you so different? You know, powerful with big wings, things like that,” Kaine asked curiously.

“Well, it’s because I was born in Heaven. Others have come here like you did when they died. We are the masters of angels, and we protect Heaven and serve God.”

“Nice! And another thing . . . is she OK? Irene, I mean? I hope she isn’t too sad.”

“She is fine. Madeline is taking care of her.” Michael was a little serious now.

“What?” asked Kaine.

“It’s time to go,” said Michael. Then he caught Kaine by his shoulder.

“Come on, I just got here—let me take a look,” said Kaine.

“Not now,” Michael answered seriously, without even looking at him.

Michael flew and took Kaine with him as if he were light as a feather. As they flew across Heaven, Kaine looked around and saw everyone happy. He smiled with the happiness inside him,

because he was seeing, for the first time, what true peace and happiness were like.

I wish Earth was like that, Kaine thought.

"It will be one day, my friend," said Michael.

Kaine was shocked. "Nice, so I shouldn't say anything in my mind, either," he said sarcastically. Michael laughed.

After a few seconds, Michael went down as fast as an eagle going for prey between some clouds that looked like a big castle. As they were diving, Kaine screamed, "Calm down, man!" Then they landed in that castle made of clouds. There were another four angels who looked as powerful as Michael. They also had big wings, but one of them had black wings. They were sitting on the ground waiting for Kaine and Michael to come, so now they moved toward them.

Thick voices spoke now. "So, Kaine, you are no longer a child. You don't know me, but I know you. I'm Temeluch. I protect newborn children and see what they do till a specific age."

"I'm Zachriel," another angel said, "and I know all your memories. That's my job concerning good people like you, my friend."

A third angel spoke. "And I'm Zophiel, one of God's spies. You look as the other one, don't you?"

"And I'm Amitiel, the angel of truth. I know the goodness in you and that you're a kindhearted person who is ready to change the world for the better."

"And I'm the great archangel Michael."

Kaine took a breath as he tried to understand what was happening. All of a sudden, angels, Heaven, and more! He looked at them. "All right then, I'm Kaine. I was an FBI agent on Earth, and I was well known because I always got my work done, and also because bad guys feared me and good guys asked about me. But I have a question. Zophiel, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, my friend, what is it?"

"Why do you have black wings?" asked Kaine.

Zophiel chuckled. "Well, it's because we spies will be recognized by others in Heaven and not recognized in Hell. My job is more fun."

"Cool. So are there others like you? I mean, why are you the only masters I've met?" asked Kaine.

Michael put his hand on Kaine's shoulder, sighed, and looked in Kaine's eyes. "Sure, there are many others like us, but the five of us are related to you and what you've done in your life. However, my friend, you're unique. You have been praying for peace in this world since you were a child, and you kept wishing for powers that you could use to change this world and make it a wonderful one instead of a sinful one. So Temeluch knows that about you because he has taken care of you since you were young, and Amitiel knows the goodness in you and that you're going to use that power for good. You're going to have that power now."

Kaine was shocked. "Are you serious? I will change the world and make peace right now if you let me go down to Earth with really superior powers, because Earth really needs to learn things about peace and love."

"It's not that fast. Let us show you something," Michael said seriously.

Then all five masters put their hands on Kaine's head. Suddenly, Kaine heard people screaming from nowhere, and painful scenes were everywhere around him. He started to walk backward out of fear, but Michael caught him. Then he saw a vision of Earth, with burning and ugly, vicious, brutal dark beings with sharp teeth and dark eyes running everywhere. They were demons, and they were beating and killing people. And then he saw three different demons, powerful demons far away

in his vision, standing on the roof of a burning building.

Then he saw them clearly, so close it was as if they were standing in front of him. They turned their faces slowly to look at him, and their eyes glowed with the color of fire. Kaine couldn't see how their bodies really looked because they were so dark. One of them smiled. Then Kaine woke from the vision, sighed, and breathed hard. He was shocked at what he had seen.

"What was that? Don't tell me it's the future of Earth?" Kaine asked nervously.

"It will be if you don't stop it from happening," answered Amitiel.

Kaine trembled and squeezed his fists to stop that trembling. "OK . . . OK, I understand now. I'm going to fight demons, too, right? Because what I saw in the vision wasn't human, right?"

"You're right about that. You will stop Hell from rising on Earth, and then you will make peace, because after you beat the Devil and his demons, people on Earth will understand many things," explained Michael.

Kaine looked around a bit, imagining things. *Irene* . . . he thought sadly. He had a big burden now, a burden to change the world. He knew what it was like to test fate and how to move any pressure out of his way and just move on. And he also missed Irene—her face, her smile, her love. *I want to feel her face on mine again*, he thought. He knew those masters could read his mind, but he didn't care.

"I believe that I can do it. I will beat those demons, but will I be able to help every person on Earth? Will I be fast and powerful enough?" Kaine was tough and ready.

"You won't be alone," said Michael.

Kaine was full of energy. "You're going to help me?"

"Maybe we will. But many on Earth will help you—that much I'm sure of," said Michael.

"OK, but will you teach me how to use my powers? Or at least can you tell me what I can do with them? What are my limits?"

Then Michael laughed and looked at Kaine. "Limits!" said the masters in unison. Then they laughed and hit each other on the shoulders. They were like walls that never cracked as they stood in front of Kaine. They seemed huge, their powers so high that Kaine can feel them moving under his skin now.

"My friend, there is no limit to such a power, and you shall know how to use it. You can do anything by yourself, by believing in yourself," answered Zachriel.

Then the masters look at Michael.

"It's time," Amitiel said in a powerful voice.

So Michael looked at Kaine, came near him, and said, "Listen, good Kaine, to what I'm going to say. The power you're going to have is from God and not from some strange thing that happened on Earth, or from the sun or whatever. It's from God himself. With this power, even the heat of the core of the sun won't hurt you, and now we will pass it to you. So you need to just believe in yourself so that you'll use it wisely, and everything you believe in will happen. But you need to be careful how you use it, when you use it, and where. So concentrate, because it's time. Are you ready?"

Kaine was shocked "What? Now?" he asked sharply.

Amitiel smiled at Kaine. "You are ready. At least I know you will be. Let's do it."

Kaine was rooted in his place. *Can't I have some privacy at least in my mind?* The masters had so much faith in him; the way they looked at him was so godlike, but it was something to fear according to Kaine. He still didn't know much, but he knew he should do what they said. So he just looked at them as they stood next to each other, and then they pointed their hands at him. He

had fear in his eyes but didn't move or say a thing.

After few seconds, a small, shiny ball appeared between their hands, and it made everything around them tremble. Then that small, shiny ball started to move slowly toward Kaine, and when it was right in front of him, it went fast into his heart. Suddenly—*boom!*—a great wave of wind came from Kaine like a big explosion there in Heaven, and his eyes and mouth glowed white. As he opened his mouth, he looked up. Unable to control himself anymore, he *roared*.

On Earth in New York, everything was shaking and dark clouds were forming rapidly in the sky. Rain fell everywhere, thunder boomed in the skies like explosions that could shake the ground, and people looked suddenly at the sky. Some started running, while others didn't move, their eyes fixed curiously on what was happening.

Rising in Hell, darker than the darkest days, was smoke moving like snakes on the ground. There was fire in every corner and a huge, dark power that pushed everyone to the ground with its dark pressure. It was the Devil sitting there on his skull-faced throne with no expression on his face, and his body was so dark. Hell itself was trembling, too, and it continued to tremble for almost a minute, but the Devil didn't care. Then, every demon there looked up and screamed to the dark skies because they realized something strange was happening in Heaven, and they didn't like it. But the Devil didn't even move yet; his face and eyes started glowing the color of fire, a smile on his dry-skinned face, an evil smile with sharp, dark teeth. He started laughing in an evil way, and every demon around him kept roaring to the skies.

"Sending an angel? Why won't you send two? Ha! Dear

Lord," the Devil said sarcastically.

Then the shaking in Hell stopped, and everything on Earth stopped, too. The Devil's face and eyes were still glowing the color of fire. He was ready to show that Hell was beneath him and that he feared nothing. Even a heaven-sent warrior was nothing to him.

Three

Zagan, the Great Demon King

There in Heaven, Kaine lay on the ground with steam coming out of his body. The five masters stood around him, then they held him and pulled him up to stand. He was OK—more than OK.

"I feel something very powerful moving in me." Kaine was happy.

"Good, then you're OK. And oh! I forgot to tell you something. Don't you dare lose control of the power. Do you understand that? Now go!" Michael said energetically.

"Wait, what? What do you mean by not losing control?" Kaine was stunned.

Michael smiled and didn't answer. Then he pushed Kaine so that he fell through a portal behind him, a portal that the masters had created for him to go back to Earth and start what he should do. Kaine fell fast in the portal, and then he started falling to Earth from the sky—in normal clothes now, not white clothes anymore.

"You didn't answer me!" he shouted.

And so he was falling to Earth now, above New York City. It was morning and the sun was rising. The gate closed in front of him in the sky, and he didn't hear an answer before the portal closed.

Kaine shouted again, "What the hell has happened? I'm on Earth now, and I'm thousands of meters above the ground! What should I do?!"

There was nothing except silence, and Kaine was still falling. He tried to turn or move himself as he fell, but he couldn't do anything.

"Oh, thank you for not answering. I appreciate that. OK, I need to concentrate, as they told me I should believe. I believe . . . mmm, I believe. I believe I can fly! I believe I can fly!" Kaine was talking to himself, and he kept repeating that sentence, that he believed he could fly.

Then he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Many people below saw someone falling and started pointing at him as he came closer to the ground—and closer, and much closer. Then he opened his eyes and suddenly stopped just one or two meters above the ground. A wave of wind came from him when he stopped because of his power, which made everything around him move a little bit backward, shaking with the wave for a short distance. Some people fell to the ground, and then everyone around him looked at him with wide eyes, shocked at what had just happened. None said a word; they were all too frightened.

"Who the hell are you?" asked a person from the crowd.

Kaine smiled. "You mean who the *heaven* am I." Then he winked at the person.

I need to get use to this power, he thought.

He floated slowly upward, looking to the sky. "Thank you, Masters." Then he said, "I think my house is that way, but I need to try flying faster. Just believe."

Then Kaine pushed himself with his legs and flew fast, like a flash of light, far away.

"Wow! That was fast. I really need to try to understand my skills and powers. They seem really enormous."

Then, suddenly, he heard some people screaming, but he couldn't see anything. "They must be near." He smiled. He wanted to try his power on something.

Then he flew a little too fast to look around and see what's going on. After a while he stopped and saw something strange walking down the street. People were running away from the thing as it walked slowly and roared. With every step, it cracked the ground beneath it. .It was a demon—a powerful one, with darkness flowing from its skin.

Kaine could see the demon from the sky as he floated. He realized that it was one of the three demons he had seen in the vision, the three that had been on the roof of a building.

"Where are you, mister good guy?" the demon screamed with rage.

As Kaine floated, he went just above the demon. He wanted to crush him. "It looks like he is one of those three. He is so dark. I think it's time to send the first one back to Hell, so let's see what this power can do," Kaine said to himself.

And then he let himself go. He became a big weight of power, diving fast between the buildings. Cracks appeared on buildings near him, as he fell in such a way that he would land on his feet. He fell faster and faster, until suddenly, he bore down on the demon's shoulders and head.

The demon looked shocked. He looked up and jumped backward before Kaine landed on him. Kaine landed on the street so hard that the ground beneath him cracked. The cracks moved like snakes in the ground, away from him. Car alarms went off, and some car windows broke, the glass shattering.

Then Kaine stood with toughness and power in front of the demon, a small distance between them. The demon looked at Kaine with full self-confidence and laughed. Kaine gave a big smile to the demon. "Hello, big guy. Would you like to go back

to Hell by yourself? Or would you like me do it?"

"You're funny, cute boy. So you're that stupid angel who opened the portals, right?" The demon looked angry.

"What portals?" Kaine didn't understand. He hadn't opened a portal himself; he had just been sent. At least that was how he had understood it.

The demon became angrier. "Are you kidding me? Do I look *stupid*, boy?! Ha! When you were sent to Earth, our gates of Hell were opened, too."

Kaine was shocked. "That's why you're here. So if I wasn't sent to Earth, there wouldn't be any portals and the vision that I saw wouldn't happen. Then it's going to happen if I don't do something that I should, but what is it?"

"What vision, stupid? And why are you talking to yourself? And if you think a vision that you saw will change something, you're wrong. This world will be conquered, and everyone will be slaves." The demon was screaming at him with rage. He tightened his fists, ready to destroy.

Kaine looked at the demon with a serious expression and he stood up straight. "I have come from the skies above you, and I will make you suffer if you try to hurt anyone. Do you understand that, demon?"

The demon stuck out his tongue and laughed in a scary way. "No, I don't."

Then the demon jumped at Kaine, and they started fighting, their two huge powers clashing.

Kaine used the fighting skills he had learned in the FBI, but his speed was no match for the demon, who was faster. Every hit Kaine stopped or repelled hurt his hands. Then Kaine jumped to the side and lifted a car with his hands as the demon stood in front of him. He threw the car at the demon, but nothing happened. When the car hit him, it split in half easily, and the demon's eyes

glowed the color of fire as the two halves fell to the ground.

The demon jumped at Kaine, and the fight continued. The demon hit Kaine in the chest and stomach and then punched Kaine hard in the face. Kaine hit the ground, bounces, and hit it again. He stayed there on the ground.

The vicious demon started walking toward Kaine and stopped when he was in front of him. "See, my friend, you're weak and pathetic. Your God didn't give you enough power to beat us, did he, cute boy?" The demon looked pathetically at Kaine.

Then he laughed hard and caught Kaine by his neck, lifted him up, and started squeezing. But he couldn't hurt Kaine no matter how hard he squeezed.

The demon looked in Kaine's eyes. "So, what now? Would you like to go back home, or would you like me to send you back home, to that stupid place of yours that is called Heaven?"

Kaine's face started changing, steam coming off his skin and his hair standing up. He closed his eyes.

"What is it, boy? Are you praying? Ha! Cute!" The demon was making fun of Kaine, unaware that Kaine's power was rising until Kaine suddenly opened his eyes. They were glowing a bloody red color with a power that wasn't easy to understand. His pupils were black.

Kaine looked at the demon with anger and rage. Now he was too heavy for the demon, who couldn't lift Kaine anymore. The demon's hand was shaking because of Kaine's power. Shocked, he dropped Kaine fast on the ground and jumped back in fear.

The demon trembled; he couldn't move well with such power around, and the fear was controlling him. "It can't be. How did you do that? I'm one of the two great demons. I'm Zagan, the great demon king! You can't beat me!" Zagan shouted.

Kaine's voice changed, becoming thick with some echo. "You think of hatred and pain. You seek and destroy people's

hearts. You like to see people getting hurt, and you create many more sinful things. So if you think that evil is something that makes you powerful, you're wrong."

Kaine sighed. The demon didn't move a muscle.

Kaine roared in the demon's face, "Even if you were the great demon king, your anger and power are nothing to me! I'm Hell when I'm angry and Heaven when you're good to me. Unfortunately, you've made me angry."

Then Kaine jumped at Zagan like a flash and punched him in the face. Zagan hit the ground and bounced two or three times. When he hit the ground again, he pushed himself through the glass and inside a closed clothing store next to him.

Once Zagan was inside the store, he started running in fear. Suddenly—*boom!*—Kaine came in through the wall next to Zagan, his red eyes showing from the falling wall. The rocks and the dust created a hole in the wall that was in the shape of his body.

Kaine caught Zagan by his leg as he ran and threw him outside again, through another wall. Zagan fell like a ton of bricks and made cracks beneath him. Kaine walked out from the clothing store through the fallen wall, still angry. He jumped too high, and Zagan jumped up high to try to fight him, but Kaine hit Zagan easily with his leg while they were flying. Zagan fell down fast, like a bullet, because of Kaine's power.

"I'll show you what real power means, demon!" shouted Kaine furiously. Then he pushed himself through the air toward Zagan, who was lying on his back, the cracked ground beneath him.

Kaine came closer and closer, and then—*boom!*—Kaine punched Zagan very hard as the ground beneath exploded. The rocks flew from the ground around them due to the power of the punch, then they fell back on the ground and there was dust everywhere. Everything calmed down, and then someone's

shadow appeared. It was Kaine. He stood there with Zagan on the ground beneath him. There was a hole in Zagan's chest with no blood coming out, only dust.

"Humans will fall by their own hands, because they are stupid and weak. They even fall when they love, and love should make them powerful, not weak. So you think you can save them? You won't." Zagan was barely moving.

Kaine was furious with power and rage that made the wind move around them both. Everyone in the crowd around them could see how the wind moved with Kaine's power, with the steps of dust on the ground. It was as if even the wind bowed to Kaine now. "Human beings choose to give up on their lives, especially when they lose the one they love, but some just keep walking. While walking, they put their heads down and think of the person they lost, or they just keep their heads up and try to forget no matter what, thinking that they won't waste time on anyone who doesn't concern them anymore. They keep their heads up and a smile of strength on their faces, but their hearts keep stinging and burning, and tears fall no matter what. But they won't care, because those tears will dry one day, and their hearts will get bored from burning and they'll be OK. They'll all be OK and learn from life. They all will learn that there are always new roads to walk on—no need to stay in the same broken bumpy roads. God knows more, my evil friend, and humans will understand that."

Kaine's answer left Zagan speechless, but that ugly demon still had something to say. "Do you know what the difference is, angel?" Zagan barely spoke aloud.

"No, demon, what is the difference?" asked Kaine.

Zagan was so tired, but his mouth could still move. "Your God is always there, but mine is not."

Kaine smiled at Zagan "You're wrong. The real difference is

that you don't have a God, but I do."

Then Kaine lifted Zagan by his neck and cracked it with rage. His head was ripped off, but there was no blood. When his neck ripped, his body fell to the ground and started decomposing, and then his head decomposed while still in Kaine's hand.

After that, all the people in the crowd stood around him at a little bit of a distance and clapped for him from their hearts, because they saw how he had fought the demon and beaten it.

Kaine's eyes returned to normal and he calmed down. His hair was no longer floating in rage, and the wind had stopped moving around him—back to normal. He was shy now and he didn't know what to do except smile at them.

"Thank you all," said Kaine.

"Who are you, mister?" a girl from the crowd asked.

"My name is Kaine."

"So, are you here to stop these aliens?" the same girl asked again.

"They are not aliens, they are demons. And yes, I'm here to stop them," Kaine answered politely, looking around while talking. He missed Irene.

The crowd mumbled, "Demons! You mean it's like doomsday?"

"It could be if I don't stop them. I'm an angel from Heaven, so don't worry. I'm here to stop Hell from rising to Earth." Kaine was in a hurry.

A punk guy came out of nowhere. "So, Mr. Kaine, what would you prefer to be called? I mean a superhero nickname or something."

Kaine chuckled. "I don't know. Kaine is good. I mean, you can call me by my name. And I'm sorry, but I need to go now."

After a few seconds, he flew up into the sky high and fast like a rocket, looking around to find his house. And so he looked forward. "I think home is that way."

Four

The Two Hearts Meet Again

On the way to his house, he flew with many thoughts on his mind. He could feel Irene's hand on his face, as if she were actually next to him touching his skin. Their souls were attached. Suddenly, he stopped and looked down. There was his house, a big, beautiful house with a remarkable green garden. He smiled with tears filling his eyes. Then he realized that this would not be easy to do. What had happened with the demon could be on the news, and Irene hated news. He was sure she hadn't seen a thing, so this was going to be a big shock for her.

"What should I say? I hope Irene won't go crazy," Kaine said to himself. Like the first time he had gone to see her, he was nervous.

"Come on. You just fought a demon and now you're afraid to see your wife? You shouldn't be, right, man? I mean, it's not going to be hard. She may scream, but I don't want her to scream. Or she may hit me in the face . . . Oh, come on, control yourself." Kaine hit himself in the face, and then he seemed ready.

He floated down slowly, like a piece of cotton falling from the sky, many thoughts still on his mind. As he got closer and closer to the door, he grew more nervous. When he stepped up to the door, he raised his hand to knock.

"I should knock very softly. I may explode the door or something," Kaine said to himself. Many people in the street were looking at him; like trees rooted to the ground, none were moving. They were stunned to see the same person who had fought a demon just a few minutes ago.

"I need to stop drinking so much. I saw him floating. What the hell is wrong with alcohol these days?" a man in the street said sharply. Then he walked away.

Irene and Madeline were cooking in the kitchen. Lunch was about to be ready and it looked tasty. The sound of the food cooking and the scrumptious smell made them hungrier.

"How was work today?" Irene asked.

"Boring as always, but—"

Knock-knock! Someone knocked the door, and they both stopped talking. They looked at each other. Madeline sneered, "A date?" Then she laughed. Irene didn't laugh or even smile.

"It's not funny," Irene said softly.

"Sorry," Madeline apologized.

Someone knocked again.

"Seriously, are you waiting for someone?" Madeline asked curiously.

"No!" Irene answered sharply.

"I'm coming!" Irene said loudly and walked to the door.

Irene took the key from drawer next to the door and opened it slowly. At first the sunlight blocked the view. It was around 3:00 p.m. Irene was frozen in place. She couldn't move; she was trembling and her hands were shaking.

"Hi, honey. Please don't scream," Kaine said, trying to hug her.

Irene walked backward and kept looking at Kaine with her eyes wide open, in so much shock that she couldn't move. They were right in front of each other, and no words were coming out of Irene's mouth. She could barely breathe.

Irene woke up from the shock and screamed in Kaine's face, "It can't be! Get out!"

"Honey, it's me. Calm down, OK? And next time ask who it is before you open the door." Kaine was trying to speak in a low voice. Madeline came running with some food on her clothes. She stood at a distance.

"I think we need to call the police," said Madeline.

"Madeline, how are you? And since when do you know how to do something right?" Kaine asked, trying to calm things down.

"It's you," Madeline sobbed. "Oh, my God!"

Irene shouted at Madeline, "Are you crazy? He is dead!"

Kaine caught Irene softly by her hands before she noticed. She didn't fight at first. "Yes, I'm dead, but now I'm here again to help this world be better because I was sent from Heaven. You know that my dream was to be a hero that would change this world for the better and to make peace and so on. You remember, right?"

Irene tried to free herself from his hands. Kaine let her go, looking sad.

"Prove it," Madeline said bravely.

Kaine closed the door behind him, started floating a little bit above the ground in front of them, and then landed again. Irene fainted, but Madeline and Kaine caught her.

"Honey, wake up. Come on." Kaine wiped Irene's forehead and cheeks so that she would wake up.

"So how is Heaven?" asked Madeline.

Kaine laughed hard as he lifted Irene. "You're really funny, as always. It's good. Now let me put Irene on the couch," he said.

Irene was so light to Kaine, lighter than a feather. Heavenly power could lift Earth with one hand, but Kaine was still in the beginning of his power. He couldn't use a thing yet, and he didn't know what he was capable of. He put Irene on the couch,

and Madeline made sure that she was breathing normally and that she was OK.

"Leave her and don't wake her. She is OK," said Madeline.

"She looks tired," mumbled Kaine.

Five

Geryon, the Giant Protector of the Gates of Hell

In Hell, darkness prevailed over light, pain prevailed over love, and suffering exceeded the mind. People said that Hell was being away from God, but these demons and falling bodies everywhere made it a life that even God didn't like to create for those who were full of sins. There were shades of souls with piercing voices flying around, and screams of crying souls, of bodies trying to crawl out of these holes and caves. Some bodies were stuck on spiky walls and some were burning and couldn't talk—they tried to, but they would choke.

Dark power fell upon all. There was no more light at all except eyes that glowed the color of fire. The footsteps of that evil moved toward something that no one could see. Then the eyes stopped moving and there were no more footsteps.

Suddenly, fire came from everywhere around him and everything was clear. It was the Devil. He looked calm, but he was standing at the edge of a dark, fearful hole so deep that no one could see anything in it. It was all calm until a burned body with no teeth or eyes flew out of the hole and hit the edge next to the Devil. The skin of its body was almost gone. The Devil smiled. "Torturing time . . ."

Then many bodies flew out of the hole and fell everywhere. They were all the same, burned down to melted skin and bones and not moving. "Help," one of them mumbled.

"Shut up," the Devil answered. Then he shot the burned body like it was a small, dead cat, and the body flew away.

The veins on the Devil's face got thicker. He was angry, and with his anger Hell feared him. Light had no chance to cover him. He shouted, "GERYON! Come to me . . . NOW!"

There was the sound of a meteor coming out of the hole, and like a flaming star he came out of the hole, flew above the Devil, and landed behind him like a hundred tons of steel. He shook Hell. The Devil smiled a big, filthy, evil smile that showed all his sharp, dark teeth. Geryon was a huge, dark demon. He turned to look at his master, and as he turned each step shook the ground beneath him. Then he bowed.

"Yes, Master," Geryon said, with his thick voice of a thousand souls.

"Is Hell weak, Geryon? It's not like before, right?" said the Devil.

"No, Master, we can crush anything. I'll crush anything," Geryon answered. With every word he said, a cold wind came out of his mouth. He had a huge, cold, dark body with wide shoulders and big dark eyes with no pupils. The whole eye was so dark and black that no one could see where he was looking.

The ground under the Devil cracked. He was controlling his anger. Squeezing his fists, he turned to look at Geryon, who didn't have the courage to look at the Devil while he was angry. The Devil scared nightmares and was worse than death; he was after death.

"Did you see what that new angel did to Zagan?" the Devil asked calmly.

"Yes, I did, Master," Geryon answered, his face looking to

the ground.

The Devil started scratching his face and looking aside. “So, have you seen him before?”

“No, Master, but he looks more powerful than other angels,” answered Geryon.

“Look at me,” said the Devil.

The veins around the Devil’s face started glowing with fire. With his hair standing on end, he ground his teeth and looked down at Geryon. “You’re now more powerful. I can feel that. But are you powerful enough to beat that angel?”

Geryon raised his head. “Of course I am, Master. What would you like me to do with him?”

With anger and rage the Devil yelled, “He shall pay! You shall make him suffer. Are you ready to fight him?”

Geryon rose and spoke. “He is already dead, so with pain and suffering Heaven shall feel sad for him and take him out of our sight.”

“Good. And don’t you dare . . .” the Devil said slowly, “. . . FAIL!” Then he disappeared.

Geryon walked to the edge of the hallway he was in. He was alone with questions on his mind. He walked away from the hole, shaking everything around him with every step. No demon stood in his way; they all made way for him.

Six

A Demon Whose Heart Isn't Dead

In this nice, cozy living room, Irene was sleeping. Kaine was near her with happiness in his heart like never before. He was looking at every bit of her face: her hair, ears, nose, mouth, and the eyes that he was waiting to see again when she woke up.

Madeline looked at them with a smile on her face.

"So, Maddy, how many days passed till I got here?" asked Kaine.

"Don't call me Maddy! It's like I'm a mad girl. Anyways, you died about a week ago."

Kaine laughed. "First, I didn't mean a mad girl when I called you Maddy, all right? And second, it hasn't been a long time."

Madeline came closer, excited. "Did many things happen up there? I mean, what does Heaven look like?"

"I'll tell you when Irene wakes up. How did she do?" asked Kaine.

"Don't worry—she was strong. Even at the cemetery she said beautiful words. She was really tough in front of others, but at night she cried a lot and couldn't sleep. That's why she is tired now."

Kaine nodded once at what she was saying, then he came closer to Irene's face and kissed her cheek and nose. "Honey, wake up," he

said, playing with her silky hair. Irene woke up, stretched herself a bit like she was in a dream, and opened her eyes.

"It's me, honey." Kaine said softly. "Please let me at least hug you."

"It's really you. I'm sorry," Irene said with tears in her eyes. She hugged him tightly and squeezed her head to his neck, tears falling on her soft cheeks. "I miss you so much."

Kaine whispered, "I miss you more."

"Mmm! I think I need to go now, to give you some privacy." Madeline was shy and looking around.

"No! Don't go," said the beautiful couple.

"I need you to stay, Maddy, because I need to go look for the killers who shot me," said Kaine.

"They are dead! There is no need to go," said Irene.

As he hugged her, Kaine asked, "What? Seriously? But who did it?"

"The police did it, honey. There was a chase after they shot you, and so the police had to defend themselves and shoot the two guys."

Madeline was excited again. "Oh! Oh! Tell us about Heaven."

"OK! It's really hard to explain it, and I haven't seen much, but I can say from what I've seen that it's a beautiful, peaceful, and unimaginable place, with many nice and happy people. And it's so strange because everything there is so cozy and somehow fluffy, and everything is made from clouds—I think, or maybe something like clouds," said Kaine.

"Cool! I think you need to take us on a tour," said Madeline.

"You're crazy. I mean, of course I can't do that. You're still alive, and I hope you'll always be."

"Thanks," said Madeline.

"But what happened out there? I mean, how did you get the chance to be here again?" wondered Irene.

"Actually, they were waiting for me. I woke up there with no one around me. Then a big guy named Michael, the great archangel, just came from nowhere to take me to see others like him," said Kaine.

"You mean they are different from us?" asked Irene.

Kaine nodded. "Yes, they are. They aren't humans who died. They are actually born in Heaven. They call themselves the masters of angels. They have big wings and powers that you can feel when you're next to them. It's like the power moves under your skin."

"So they knew about your death? And they already wanted to send you back, right? That's why they were waiting," said Irene.

"Yes, you're right about that, honey."

"So it's like you were born to help them or something. I mean, it's your faith, isn't it?" asked Irene happily.

"Yes, I think that's true," said Kaine.

"So continue the story, honey. What happened when you met them?"

"First, Michael took me to see the other four who were watching me when I was still on Earth, because each one is related to me somehow. One of them is called Temeluch, and he takes care of children. And there is Amitiel, who can see the goodness in people, and the other two have other jobs. And so they saw that I do really want to make this world better, and they kept seeing me praying for that to happen since I was a child."

Irene was full of smiles. "And so, you're here as a superhero, right? That's so cool."

"I know, honey, but it's not that easy, because there are demons coming, too."

"You mean monsters from *Hell*? Have you seen any? I mean, how do they look?" asked Madeline.

"Actually, I only saw one demon and he looked like a normal

person, but full with darkness. And somehow that darkness makes his skin dry and his face full of scratches. It's like he is a contained power that looks like a human."

"So you have fought one? You have, haven't you?" asked Irene.

"Yes, I did honey, and I kicked his ass." He smiled at her.

Kaine suddenly felt something, a dark power, but not like before. It was huge this time. Kaine disbanded, and his hands shook a bit. Then he asked Irene, "Can we see what's on the TV? Demons these days are going to rise on Earth and I think we need to keep in touch with what is happening out there by watching the news."

"Sure, honey. Turn the TV on, Madeline," said Irene.

Madeline took the remote from the table in front of her and turned the TV on to watch the news.

A news reporter was speaking. "Today a hero with superpowers took down an alien and saved the day. Where did these two come from, and why are they fighting on our planet? Is it going to happen again with other super beings? Or is that it? Take a look at these pictures."

Some pictures were shown of Kaine. Someone from the crowd he had stood with after beating Zagan had taken pictures of him without his permission.

"It's not an alien, it's a demon," said Kaine.

The same news reporter appeared again. "We have some urgent news from the Upper New York Bay. Something there has fallen from the sky and made a big wave after hitting. It is said to be coming to the city. May God be with us for what is happening these days, and maybe that hero will come again. Take care, everyone, and please stay inside."

Kaine turned off the TV and stood tough, squeezing his fists. "Stay inside, OK, honey? And, Madeline, take care of each other

and don't let her go out."

"But, honey . . ." said Irene, but she didn't continue the sentence because she could see that Kaine was serious.

"I can feel his power. He is huge, powerful, and doesn't have mercy, so don't even think about coming after me," Kaine said, not looking at Irene while speaking.

Irene wanted to say something. "But, honey . . ."

Kaine got in her way. "Irene, I'm serious. I have to go."

"Go do your work. I'll take care of her," said Madeline.

"Just be careful. I love you," said Irene kindly.

"I love you, too. I need to go there fast, before he kills anyone," said Kaine.

Irene stood and kissed him. "Don't worry, honey, I have a power from God. Michael and the others passed it on to me in Heaven. And I think that's a power that prevails over any demon," said Kaine.

"Please don't be late. I really miss you," said Irene.

Kaine smiled at her. "I miss you, too, honey. And don't worry, I won't be late."

Kaine kissed her and turned and went to the door. Then he stops to ask something he has in mind.

"Honey, I have a question," said Kaine.

"Ask," said Irene.

"What would you like to call me—I mean as a nickname?" asked Kaine. Madeline laughed at the ground. "Come on. It's fun, right?" he mumbled.

"Well, I think I would like to call you . . . Warrior from Heaven."

"But that's a long one," said Kaine.

"But I like it, honey." Irene was a bit mad.

Kaine gave a big smile and scratched his head. "I was just kidding. It's the best. Love you. Bye."

Then Kaine opened the door and closed it behind him. He was outside in the warm evening air, the sound of wind moving through trees. His fearless eyes looked forward, toward the evil power he felt. It was the power of Geryon, and it felt like he could go with the flow of it to reach the demon. Kaine jumped high above every building around and pushed himself forward to go put down another demon—another evil that was like no other, another darkness that gripped weaklings.

Bullets flew from everywhere. The police yelled, "Shoot him!" Others shouted, "Take cover! Take cover!" Every bullet that hit Geryon fell aside like dead birds. That huge, dark power walked and destroyed everything around him with pleasure. These weapons couldn't even scratch him.

Geryon raised his hands and took out the police, shooting sonic waves and fireballs from his hands. He was just having fun, laughing so hard at these weak beings. Policemen fell to the ground one by one. Police cars exploded, and there was smoke and fire everywhere around this giant protector of the gates of Hell.

"We need to retreat now. Let's go!" a policeman hiding at the corner of a building shouted.

"No, we need to save the civilians first!" another policeman shouted from the side. A person from out of nowhere fell in front of them, being eaten by the flames. They gave each other sudden looks and stopped speaking. The first policeman hugged the wall in the corner. Fear conquered all.

"How shall we do that?" asked the first policeman.

Suddenly, the ground shook. Kaine landed next to them and stood up straight. He was fearless and more powerful when he

was helping others.

"Go, both of you. NOW! Even nuclear weapons won't affect him. He is a powerful demon from Hell and you think you can hurt him with your guns? Nothing on Earth can affect him, but I can."

"He is a demon?! We thought he was an alien, as it was said on the news," said the first policeman.

"And what are you exactly?" wondered the second policeman.

"I'm an angel from Heaven," said Kaine.

"Sorry, man, we didn't know any of that," said the first policeman.

"It's OK. You did your best. So now just go," said Kaine. The two policemen left running and took the other policemen with them. Everyone ran away screaming. Only these two unbreakable beings stood still.

"You know what happened to your friend, so don't let me do that to you, too," sneered Kaine.

"What did you say, little boy? You think I'm going to run from you? Is that a new joke in Heaven?" Geryon said angrily.

"Why do you like to hurt people? Your war is with us, the angels, and not with humans," said Kaine.

"Why do you care about these stupid beings? They are weak, racist, arrogant, greedy, unfaithful pieces of crap," said Geryon.

"You're wrong. Not all of them are like that. And the others can change, and they will," mumbled Kaine.

"You think you can see everything in this world, boy. You see nothing—all you think about is peace, and you think it's easy. People can't even make peace in their neighborhoods, so how do you think that peace will work around the world?" asked Geryon, grinding his teeth. "Answer, little angel!" he shouted.

"I'll make them change. Maybe you're right about what you're saying, but there are many good hearts in this world that

deserve saving," said Kaine.

Geryon's voice still sounded the same as before, like souls speaking through his throat, thick voices joining to speak from inside him every time he spoke. "You still don't get it, do you? Listen to what I'm going to say, because it's the last thing you'll hear. This world is full of wars, killing, stealing, and more. This world is full of shitty people. Many rich people don't help and don't care, and all they want are cars, mansions, and yachts. Many leaders only care about having power, land, money, armies, and technologies to rule. On the other hand, there are many people who don't have homes and sleep on beds of concrete. Even families and friends are being diminished by people these days. They see that their brothers and sisters, their mothers and fathers, need help and need someone to be next to them—and they leave them there and walk away. And there are many other problems and sins. So it's not only about peace. Peace won't work if people stay like that. So what do you think of this world? Is it a cold one made by humanity, or is it a broken world made by God?"

Kaine was shocked at what the demon had said. He understood life, too. He still had something in his big dark heart, something like a shiny little light. This little light could shine in that dark heart at any time, because light always won and always would win if the person who held it let it.

"It's a cold world ruined by humanity, actually. It's not a cold one made by God. And you do care, demon, don't you?" asked Kaine.

Geryon toughened himself. "I'm Geryon, the giant protector of the gates of Hell, so don't call me demon. And of course I don't care. It's just that you're wasting your time trying to make this world better. It's a world of sins and pain, a world of wars. I shall show you that even God won't help you now, because he

is going to end this world one day, anyway."

"This world will never drop—not when I'm here," said Kaine. He sighed and then said wisely, "Love, life, peace, success, wisdom, inspiration, dreams, family, friends, beauty, honesty, hope, forgiveness, happiness. So who's powerful like that? You know people should be like weapons that heal, not hurt. People need to understand many things. Wisdom is to know you're not wise, and being powerful is to keep trying, because you will not win on the first try in each thing you do. You, Mr. Geryon, should also understand that each person in this world shall say and believe, 'No pain shall put me on my knees. No sickness shall put weakness in me. I'll always scream to Heaven because, hell yeah, it hears me!' We can keep pretending and keep dreaming, or we can try to have what we want, because they say Heaven opens up and gives you your dreams if you keep living on your knees, which is wrong. You shall believe in God and do everything yourself. Then God will hold your hand and pull you up to the top. So are you powerful enough? Answer that, Mr. Geryon."

Geryon didn't answer the question. He just got angrier. "I'll show you power, tiny!" Geryon raises his hands toward Kaine. "DIE!"

Then—*boom!*—a big fireball blasted out of his hand toward Kaine. The ball made the ground shatter, and Kaine's hair stood up from the power coming toward him. He raised his hands to stop the big fireball, but it was too powerful; it blasted him to the ground and—*boom!*—exploded, the dust surrounding Kaine.

Suddenly, Kaine came out like a rocket toward Geryon, with eyes glowing red, and they started fighting. Geryon didn't move too much; Kaine wasn't really affecting him. He jumped and hit Geryon in the face as hard as he could, but still to no effect. Geryon smiled with his dark, sharp teeth and hit Kaine on his

head. Kaine fell to the ground.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHH!" roared Geryon to the sky. A crack appeared in the sky with sharp and scary voices. It was a portal from Hell. Demons started landing in the park—small demons, skinny ones.

Kaine went fast to stop the demons from hurting anyone. There weren't many, only ten of them. *They aren't powerful like Zagan or Geryon. I can kill them fast*, thought Kaine.

He jumped toward the first one, who was roaring to scare everyone around him. When Kaine got to him, he grabbed his hand and broke it, the bones cracking. Then he hit the demon on his knee so that it was broken on the other side. The demon was in so much pain that his tongue hung out of his mouth.

Kaine fought them all fast because he was way faster than they were. It was like they were moving in slow motion compared to him. Rocks jumped from the ground with every hit Kaine made to one of them, their bones cracking, too. He ripped a few heads off and left eight of them dead.

But there were still two of them standing there with fear in their eyes and nothing to say. Kaine looked at them to see what was wrong, why they weren't fighting. Then he understood them and smiled.

"I told you that I'd be back to get you," said Kaine happily.

They were the two guys who had shot him.

"Come on, man. I mean . . . we are sorry, man," said the first one, frightened.

"I can't see goodness in your hearts, so, I'm sorry, you need to breathe your last breath," said Kaine.

Kaine jumped toward them quickly and caught them by their heads and flew up high, like an eagle with its prey, up and away with them. His hands were like the claws of the eagle on these two demons' heads.

When he was high enough, he looked down toward Geryon, who was destroying everything around him and killing others with no mercy.

Kaine said angrily, "You two need to know something before you perish. You think you can kill and run away, don't you? Well, you're wrong, because whoever goes against God's will had better pray."

Kaine threw the two demons at him. *Woof!* Geryon smiled cruelly, with fire all around him, happy to see people afraid and running. He heard things falling from the sky like missiles. The two demons were coming closer and closer, and their speed made them full of fire, like fast little fireballs coming toward Geryon. *Boom!* They hit the ground right in front of Geryon and blew up into pieces.

"Damn. You missed," giggles Geryon.

Kaine was coming fast from the sky, like an unstoppable force. "AAAAAHHH!" he roared.

Geryon raised his hand and shot a dark fireball at Kaine. Shade prevailed over light as the dark fireball came toward Kaine, but he didn't slow down or move away. Instead he maintained his speed and went, like a spear, through the fireball. It exploded without affecting Kaine at all.

At the speed of light, Kaine came from the explosion toward Geryon. Light hit darkness, and Geryon raised his left hand to defend himself from Kaine's punch, but the collision was so hard it made a wave of wind that made a hole like an atomic explosion. The ground fell; clouds moved away.

Be careful how to use it, when to use it, and where. Kaine remembered this sentence as a ghost said it in his mind. *I should be careful. My anger could be worse than this demon's power*, thought Kaine. Geryon knelt on the ground from pain, barely able to feel his left hand, which was somehow numb.

"You're weak. You can't do that to me," Geryon mumbled.

Kaine landed near Geryon. "I didn't want to fight you. You did say many right things about humans, but you're wrong about one thing, which is that they won't change."

Geryon sneered. "HA!" Then he said, "Well, good luck with that. And even you are full of anger. Your eyes are red, and you like to hit and destroy things like we do. You like to show your power over others, too."

"You're wrong. My eyes are red to show that I'm ready to pour my blood to save others, and your eyes are somehow orange like the color of fire. They show that you only want to burn people—or, in other words, to kill them with pain—and I'm not going to let you do that. That's how I see it, Mr. Geryon," said Kaine bravely.

Kaine pointed his hand toward the sky. He believed in himself so much. A dark cloud formed above Geryon, and then suddenly—*strike*! A lightning like no lightning before came down from above everything and struck Geryon on his head. Steam rose from Geryon's skin and he fell to the ground. But he didn't give up; he stood and hobbled at first, but after few seconds he was able to stand tall. He was angry now. At last Kaine could see Geryon's pupils, his eyes glowing the color of fire as Kaine had said—fire that wanted to consume all. Fire on the brows, on the ears, and on the chin. His face, head, and skin were filled with volcanic cracks, too.

Their powers clashed as the battle lifted the ground around them. Kaine's power lifted his hair and shirt. He exploded with a roar that filled Geryon's face with white scratches. He mumbled, "That angel is more powerful than I could have imagined, but I can still beat him." He jumped at Kaine, brought him to the ground, and stepped on his chest.

"See, my friend, maybe you're powerful, but not powerful

enough. And even if you can beat me, that doesn't mean you can beat our master," said Geryon.

"I won't lose to things like you," shouted Kaine.

"I'm not a thing. We are the evil side of angels. So when they are more negative and evil and full of hatred, then we are more powerful. That's how many powerful demons like me were created," said Geryon.

"What about the demons I just killed?" asked Kaine with his hands on Geryon's leg, trying to push him away, but still unable to do so.

"These are humans, not angels. They will burn in Hell or work for the Devil, and so they choose to work for him," said Geryon.

Kaine struggled against the push of Geryon's foot on his chest. Kaine's red eyes glowed brighter than before, the veins around his eyes also glowing red. He ground his teeth in anger, and the ground broke under him. "AAAAHHH!" he roared, throwing Geryon aside. He fell to the ground away from Kaine. No more mercy for this demon.

"The Devil will come soon and destroy this stupid world," mumbled Geryon. Standing, he asked a great question: "If God wanted to be evil, on which side would you be? His or another's?"

Kaine fell silent. "I don't know," he mumbled after a moment.

"Look, angel, you're different, so open your mind and understand this world. God knows everything, as they believe, so he is waiting for this day to come, isn't he?"

"I think so . . ." answered Kaine.

"Then what's the point of this war between us? I mean, doesn't he like peace and love? Then why the hell is this world full of wars and pain? Why, angel?" asked Geryon. "ANSWER ME!" he shouted.

"It's not that easy. God will give peace and love if we trust and believe in him. He won't give them that easily when most humans are doing sinful things and asking at the same time for peace and love," said Kaine.

"STUPID!" shouted Geryon. "You'll never get it. You're going to feel pain one day, you're going to suffer—because even if you're a good person, you'll feel pain, you'll fall, and you'll *cry*. He doesn't care about you or anyone else. He just wants you all to bow down to him."

Kaine smiled and gave Geryon a friendly look. "Do you pray?" he asked.

"Do I *what*? Pray?" sneered Geryon.

"With all this disappointment, how would you even see God's light? God always has something better, but while you're waiting you should never stop believing. If you do, then you've failed the test," said Kaine.

"Boy, I told you even angels have evil sides that God could never have created. And so we wouldn't even be here, wars wouldn't happen, and evil wouldn't exist. But, sadly, God wants evil to exist," Geryon said.

"What did actually happen? I need to know." Kaine was curious.

"OK, no problem with that, but I'll kill you after telling you the bedtime story," said Geryon.

"It's still evening," sneered Kaine.

"OK then, little boy." Geryon came closer to Kaine. The heavenly warrior didn't even move. He felt that Geryon was only trying to show him something. Then Geryon puts his hand on Kaine's head. "Here is what happened. After God took the evil in them, we were created."

Then a vision came into Kaine's mind. Heaven was upon Hell and angels were everywhere in this dark world, killing

every demon. Every demon that died decomposed. Some were running from the angels and some were fighting. Geryon and Zagan ran away; they understood that they couldn't win and that they shouldn't try to open any portals again. The portals of Hell were closed. Michael stood with glory, with no mercy for evil. The Devil wasn't there. Then the angels disappeared and they went back to Heaven with glory. The vision ended, and Kaine jumped backward.

"What were these portals for?" he asked.

"Portals to conquer Earth," said Geryon.

"So you tried to come here before? And it didn't work?"

"God didn't let us. It looks like he wanted it to happen now for some reason," said Geryon.

"And where was the Devil?" Kaine asked.

"God imprisoned our master. He was more powerful than all, even more powerful than Michael."

"But, why did the angels have an evil side?"

"How should I know? All I know is that every evil side has goodness in it, and every good side has evil in it." Geryon's voice was calm now; the souls that spoke through him weren't angry anymore.

"Then you shall change," said Kaine bravely.

"No! I can't," shouted Geryon.

Geryon lifted both of his heavy hands to combine the dark fireball and the sonic wave and to shoot it at Kaine. The heat of the power melted the ground around Geryon. Kaine realized he should stop him before his power destroyed the city.

Kaine raised his right hand toward Geryon, and a small, shiny red ball formed. It was so powerful that it lit the whole yard with a dim red light.

"Don't make me do this!" shouted Kaine.

Geryon didn't answer. He looked a bit sad. The demon's

heart was beating again. Even evil was trying to understand God or this life, trying to understand why he was evil. Why wasn't he created as an angel?

He wants to die. He knows I'm more powerful, Kaine thought.

The shiny red ball shone more brightly, and the wind moved like a hurricane around Kaine.

"Come on. We don't have to do this. The other angels and I will protect you from the Devil if you change," said Kaine loudly.

"I wish I was born as something to protect instead of destroy," Geryon mumbled.

Geryon let go of the sonic fire wave he had created. The sound of an explosion came from his hands, and the sonic fire wave moved toward Kaine like an unstoppable destructive force. But apparently Kaine was far more powerful. He didn't even move. *Boom!* He let go of the shiny red ball from his right arm, and an immense red beam came out that ate the sonic fire wave and split the ground beneath. It lifted Geryon from the ground before it hit him, and when it did he went with the beam to the sky. An atomic explosion happened there; the beam exploded in the sky to kill this sad demon. In the explosion his shade decayed. He was gone, no longer the giant protector of Hell.

Seven

An Unsaid Truth

Kaine was still looking to the sky, trying to understand if what he had just done was a mistake or something he had to do. Could he have stopped that demon in another way? *Could I* . . . he wondered if he can change also evil to good, and not only changing humans to better.

Suddenly, he heard two girls screaming for help nearby. He flew fast to their side and found two beautiful girls stuck in a flipped-over car. Kaine tore the door off the car like it was paper and helped them out. Then he flipped their car easily, like it was a plastic toy, to get it back on its wheels.

"Are you okay?" asked Kaine.

"Yes, we are, and you're cute," the first girl said. Then she smiled.

"Well . . . umm, okay. Thanks," said Kaine.

"What do you have, a girlfriend from outer space or something?" asked the second girl.

Irene came from the other side, driving their car. She parked near Kaine and got out.

"Is that your girlfriend?" sneered the first girl.

"Well, actually, she is my wife," said Kaine.

Kaine smiled with a cheerful heart and went to his beautiful wife. The two girls went away, and Kaine hugged Irene.

"Who were those two girls, honey?" she asked.

"I just saved them from a bad situation, that's all," said Kaine.

"If you are going to use your power to be famous and have lots of girls around you, then I'll kill you again," said Irene.

Kaine laughed and kissed her cheek. "How could I do that to the most beautiful and kind-hearted girl in my life?"

"I love how you always do your best, Sir!" a man from behind them said.

They turned to see who it is. It was Kaine's best friend, a colonel named Nero. He was a great man and an even greater friend.

"Nero!" exclaimed Kaine with wonder. He hugged his friend, who was more like a brother.

"Kaine, dude . . . bro, don't squeeze or you'll kill me," said Nero while laughing.

Sunset was coming soon, so it was time to go rest a bit. The wind was getting colder. Kaine hugged Irene to warm her and rubbed her hands softly.

"So, tell me, I'm all over the TV, right? That's how you knew I'm here?" asked Kaine.

"Yes, you are everywhere," said Nero.

"How are you, Nero?" asked Irene.

"I'm great. And you're still beautiful, Irene," he answered.

Kaine looked at his wife and gave her a wink. "We know that you're cute, don't we, honey?"

"Yes, we do," she answered.

"Would you like me to throw him to the sky?"

"No, honey, it's okay. He is your friend. Let him say that I'm beautiful. It's okay," she said, laughing.

"I'm kidding, so don't worry, Nini," said Kaine.

"Don't call me Nini, and stop making jokes. Even after death

you're still the same bro," said Nero. Kaine caught them both and got ready to fly with them.

"But, honey!" Irene protested.

Kaine didn't fly. "What?" he asked.

"The car."

"Oh! Sorry . . . we'll drive this time." They drove down from darkness through outrageous flames.

It seemed that Hell was darker now and more full of anger and hatred than was apparent in these flames. All demons around bowed to what was in front of them. There seemed to be thousands of them, and all of them were looking forward in the same direction—where he, the evilest demon, the Devil, was.

There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide in this dark, cruel world. No one knows if it was made by God or if it was created by itself from evil in every being's heart, created on its own in another dimension.

"AAAAAAAHHH!" shouted the Devil, full of anger. The biggest demons feared him and the scariest souls dared not speak with him. He sat on his throne of skulls, grinding his teeth and crushing some of the skulls. Some skulls' eyes breathed fire, while others breathed smoke.

"You, come over here," said the Devil, pointing at one of the demons in front of him. The pathetic demon trembled, his hands shaking. He didn't move a muscle, only looking at the Devil with his eyes wide open.

"I said come here—now!" shouted the Devil.

Fear consumed the demon as he stood and started walking toward his master. When he got there, the Devil suddenly punched the pathetic demon so hard that he flew over everyone

else and fell somewhere far behind them. The fire from the throne was extinguished, but it was still somehow clear enough to see what was around. The Devil rose, lifting everything around him with his great power for a second. Then he walked toward his demon army and stood at the head of the front line with rage.

"Zagan and Geryon are weak, aren't they?" he said. "We will make this world suffer. We will show them what Hell really is. And that little boy called Kaine is mine. Now, all of you, roar to these skies since we can't see what's beyond them. Heaven will hear us and do nothing when it sees us," said the Devil.

Roaring at the skies, the army of demons rose, hitting their chests in fury. Most were evil human souls that would rot in Hell and work for the Devil. They would march in a few days to Earth, many of them crawling on the walls like lizards, and some would fall from nowhere just to join. The Devil smiled with very evil thoughts on his mind: to crush Kaine's heart and body.

People on Earth think that they have a protector. Well, let's see how you will protect everyone at the same time, especially that beautiful wife of yours, said the Devil in his mind.

On Earth, it was nighttime. Kaine and Irene were drinking beer with their friends in the garden of their house. Everyone was holding a drink. It was a welcome home party for Kaine; they were happy that he was back. Nero was lighting the barbecue grill on fire to make something to eat. He put on some hot dogs and steaks. The sound of the meat cooking was wonderful, and it smelled tasty.

Kaine was with his parents. "You're changing the world, honey. You've made everyone believe again," his mother said.

"She's right. Even the crime rate is very low these days. No

one dares do anything bad," his father said.

"Thanks. I can see that, actually. But forget about that now—how are you two doing?" asked Kaine.

"Everything is great, especially now that you're here," his mother said and kissed Kaine on his forehead.

"I love you guys," said Kaine with a big smile on his face.

"Go now to your wife, my son. It's OK—we'll wait."

Kaine turned to look at Nero and Irene. They were getting food ready at the corner of their wonderful green garden on this lovely warm day. Everyone was just happy. The neighborhood was calm.

"If you want anything, just say so. OK?" said Kaine.

"We will, my son. Now go to your wife," said his father.

Above them in the sky, someone was floating. It was Michael, but he didn't seem happy. There was a portal behind him in the sky that looked like a blue crack. He went through the portal and then he was in Heaven. This portal was like a link between these two worlds. Inside Heaven it was always full of light.

"Why didn't you call him?" asked Zachriel.

"I can't do it," said Michael.

"He needs to know," said Zachriel.

"Not now—they look so happy," said Michael sadly.

"He is important to us, too, but we need to do something about it," said Zachriel.

"I just can't do it. I'm sorry," said Michael, still looking through the portal at that beautiful house full of love. And then he closed the portal.

"He might lose control of his power when it happens. We need to tell him, and if you don't want to do it, then I'll do it,"

said Zachriel. He points to the ground next to him to call Kaine. A bad thing would be told, and a reason for it would happen, but no one knew why yet.

"We summon you, Warrior from Heaven!" Zachriel said furiously.

Nero, Irene, and Kaine were full of laughter, not knowing what the angels were talking about. Suddenly, Kaine's body started shining as if he were turning into a bright white light. Irene and Nero took a step back, shocked, and didn't say a word. Kaine looked at his own hands. "What's happening?" he asked. No one could look at Kaine directly; he was too shiny. Some closed their eyes and others turned their faces. The light was powerful. Then he was sucked up into the sky very fast.

In Heaven he appeared, floating a little above the ground at first and then standing next to Zachriel and Michael. They were on a green hill, where it was silent and cozy. Kaine's soul felt relieved there. Every time he was in Heaven, he felt different—just peaceful and calm.

"Hey, guys, how are you? And where are the others?" asked Kaine.

"They are busy. However, we need to tell you something," said Zachriel quickly.

"OK then. We can go to my garden and talk there, so you can meet my family and friends, and maybe eat or drink something. What do you say?" asked Kaine.

When no one answered, Kaine understood it was not time to make jokes about anything.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I really don't how to say this," Zachriel said.

"Come on, just spit out," said Kaine.

I can't do this to him, Zachriel said in his mind.

Now you get me, Michael answered in Zachriel's mind, so they both heard each other without Kaine knowing a thing.

"Why aren't you saying anything? You're scaring me now. Seriously, did I do something wrong?" asked Kaine in a slightly nervous tone.

"No, you didn't. It's just that in a few days—in the evening at six p.m., six minutes, and six seconds—the Devil will rise on Earth with his demon army," said Zachriel.

"Why at that time exactly? And is that what you wanted to say, seriously? I mean, we will kick their asses. Don't worry," said Kaine.

"That's not the problem. It's just that he is going to open the portals of Hell everywhere. And he will rise at that time because Geryon, the protector of the gates of Hell, is dead, so the Devil can't open them. But he can come out at that time only because it's related somehow to him and his wrath," Michael answered.

"But why not in the morning? I mean, it could be at six a.m. instead of p.m.," sneered Kaine.

"You're right, but I think he wants the war to start at sunset and not at sunrise. You see what I mean?" said Michael.

"Sure I do. He wants war in darkness? Then let him bring it," said Kaine with his right fist ready, as if he wanted to punch something. "And you're going to help, right?"

"No, not exactly. You shall say something by tomorrow . . . talk to this world about what is going to happen. If you don't, then there will be no more Earth."

"OK then, I understand. I should do everything," sneered Kaine.

"It's not like that. The people in this world must understand that they are wrong in everything they do, and they must unite. This is their lesson and if they didn't listen to you, they won't

pass the big test. Then it will be their problem—they will fall by their own hands," said Zachriel.

"What about the good people with kind hearts and love, people who have tried to make peace for years?" asked Kaine.

"They won't feel too much pain, so don't worry," said Michael.

"Seriously, is that a solution?" asked Kaine angrily.

"Just concentrate and believe, as you did with Zagan and Geryon, and everything will be all right. Not many will die. That beam, it was superior, but you can do so much more. So just keep believing like that and you'll do it," said Zachriel.

"I hope I will. And, by the way, that beam, it's because I watch too many cartoons. I have many moves and powers that I can imagine and do. You told me to believe in anything I want and that it will happen, right?" said Kaine.

Michael laughed. "From cartoons!"

"I'm glad to see you believing that much," said Zachriel.

"I'm glad, too, but I hope that you will believe as well, my friends. I have some questions," said Kaine.

"Sure, ask whatever you want," said Michael.

"Why didn't you tell me the truth about those demons?" asked Kaine.

"We don't have time for bedtime stories," Zachriel said in a hard tone.

"I'm not waiting for a story. I only wanted the truth. Those powerful demons are part of you, and they are the only powerful demons left. They work for the Devil because they have to, not because they want to," said Kaine.

"Look, Kaine, this is not something to talk about. They can't change no matter how hard they try. But Geryon is a little bit different because he lived next to the gates, and he saw Earth and humans and how they lived. So he understands some things other demons don't, and you can't just go down there to Hell

and say, 'I would like to tell you something so you will be good guys.' It's not that simple," said Michael.

"You're wrong—anyone can change for the better or for the worse. And Geryon wanted to be better, but he was afraid of the Devil. He told me that all humans who were sent to Hell will work for the Devil, too, and not try to pray and change, because they are afraid of him, not because they want to," said Kaine.

"That's the point—they are afraid of the Devil and not of God. They will never listen to the Devil and suffer because of him in Hell for what they've done on Earth. And then they will be taken to Heaven again when they understand that they are wrong. Do you understand now? They will work against evil no matter what the consequences are, because light always wins in the end," said Michael angrily.

"Kaine, we are not happy to see people in pain and misery, but they have to learn their lessons," said Zachriel.

"Maybe you're right. But that doesn't mean some have to be wiped out because they don't get it," said Kaine. He opened a portal easily beneath himself just by looking down. After he jumped in to go back to Earth, the portal closed.

"He opened a portal by himself, didn't he?" asked Michael.

"Yes, he did. He believes in himself more than we do. So he opened a portal to Earth by believing and without learning how to open one," said Zachriel, smiling.

"I love that guy. But, tell me, why haven't you told him what you wanted to say? The truth," asked Michael.

"I couldn't do it. She will die in a much worse way if I tell him anything about it. I saw some of his future when he got here, and it won't end well," said Zachriel.

"So it's better to die as she is going to," said Michael.

"Yes, it's way better. She won't feel any pain," said Zachriel.

Eight

A Speech Shall Be Given

On this gray night, moonlight lit their room. Next to the big window in their wonderful bedroom, Kaine was lying on the bed next to his sleeping beauty. Looking at the ceiling, he wondered, thoughts filling his mind.

"What shall I do to make peace and unity? I need to do something fast," he said.

Irene opened her eyes, half asleep. She touched his hand and got close to him. "What is it, honey?" she asked.

"Nothing, honey. Just sleep."

"No, I won't sleep if you don't tell me what's wrong," said Irene.

"OK then. The truth is that there is going to be a war in few days," said Kaine.

"What? A war!" said Irene, shocked. "But, honey, when I asked you why you disappeared for a while, when you became like a light, you said that they only wanted to tell you that you had done a good job," said Irene.

"I didn't want to ruin the party," said Kaine.

"It's OK, honey, but a war with whom?"

"A war with Hell, my love. It's really a romantic subject, isn't it?"

Irene giggled. "Anything is great and romantic with you,

honey," she said and kissed his cheek softly. Then she laid her head on his shoulder. "You can do anything, honey. You're the Warrior from Heaven who stopped two powerful demons in one day without breaking a sweat."

"How can I make this world act fast?" asked Kaine.

"By scaring them, of course."

"I can't do that, honey. I can't use my power in a bad way."

"I don't mean it like that, honey. I mean that you can tell them that a disaster is about to happen and all of them will die if they don't unite. Then they will be afraid and do what you want. And be angry when you're talking so they won't dare ignore you," said Irene, giggling.

"Oh! That could help, actually," said Kaine.

"Men . . ." she said.

"What is that supposed to mean?" sneered Kaine.

"It means that men don't know what we mean, so we tell them everything step by step."

"Oh, really? Then I should tickle you now till you say you're sorry," said Kaine.

"No!" laughed Irene.

Then he caught her and started tickling so hard that she laughed and laughed. They didn't really know what was coming.

Above them, on the roof of their home, was Zophiel. The great spy from Heaven stood bravely there on this gray night, his big black wings wide open like an eagle ready to fly. He didn't look happy. Kaine couldn't feel his power—not this angel, which was why he was a spy.

"Boy, I know that you can do it—just be tough for what is going to happen at the end of this war," said Zophiel. He jumped

from the ceiling and flew very fast. At the same time, Michael was in Hell standing in front of the Devil, next to the big, dark hole Geryon was in. No one could come near Michael; his power was greater than all. No demon dared to even look in his eyes—except the Devil.

The Devil smiled. "What do you want?"

"You're different," said Michael.

"Yeah, more powerful. You can't beat me, just like in the past. But this time God will let me rise," said the Devil.

"Yeah, yeah," sneered Michael.

"I'm going to rip his head off," said the Devil angrily.

"That's why I'm here . . . to make you understand that this angel has a power like no other. You can't rip his head off, squeeze out his eyes, break his neck, or even cut a hair off of his head. It won't happen no matter how hard you try. That's what God wants, and that's how it will be. He is so powerful that you can't even scratch him. He might feel some pain—that's all," said Michael.

"HAHAHAHA!" laughed the Devil. "I don't care. I'll keep making him feel some pain till he runs away—and, by the way, he is weak. I can feel him," said the Devil.

Michael said with a half-smile, "He is only using less than one percent of his power." Then he winked at the Devil sarcastically and disappeared.

"Yeah, right!" said the Devil.

In Heaven, the masters stood together in their big cloud castle. They met Kaine there, just to talk for a while. "We need to be ready," said Michael.

"I think he will control himself when it happens," said Amitiel.

"I don't think he is the one we will help. I think the Devil will need more help when she dies," Zachriel said sarcastically.

"I know, man. I'm dying to see the fight tomorrow. I really need to see Kaine angry for real. I mean, it will be fun," said Amitiel.

"Humans are going to be united with him," said Michael.

"What is your greatest creation? Humans, right?" asked Temeluch.

"We always do it hard, because we fear no scars, no blood, no falls, and no pain," said Michael.

"They are the same but with less power, that's all. Unfortunately, they don't get it," said Zophiel.

"They are bones and muscles with bonds that connect them. They move with shades that obey them, and they're greater than wind from a hurricane or a desert with no rain. They step on the ground with steps of flame, and they are a strong light that can brighten darkness in the cemetery of Hell," said Michael.

"No grudge or pain can get in their way. They will never hesitate, and they won't bow to the Devil or any evil," said Amitiel.

"Why do they have great minds and choose to be blind or have great lives and don't care for what's around? Their light can pierce through smoke, and only by their own minds and hands they can change and move on. They are the greatest on their planet, but only as one," said Temeluch.

The five masters smiled. It was time for the Earth to change.

"I wish they also knew how to cure sadness and pain," mumbled Michael. "I see many people here in this world so sad that they try to find anyone just to cover those cracks in their hearts, those holes, those bleeding scars. Not many understand how to cure that. Sometimes a person just loves another so much that it makes him afraid to tell the truth and lose that person

or something. You know, I learned that the hardest thing to do is watch the one you love love somebody else. You can't do anything about it—you just see him or her smile with the other person, and then they hug each other. They also may kiss. And you just keep watching with the feeling your heart is going to be ripped out or something, but you can't be selfish, so you let the other person go," he said.

"You will feel stomach pain and your heart being stabbed or something—maybe a little nervous, like your whole body is weak or fragile," said Temeluch.

"It's a world only God understands," said Michael.

"Anyway, my friends, all this pain and love . . . these fears and deep feelings . . . will make them one, a human unity that will help them win all and not have to fight again or turn their backs on each other. Peace and love shall be there soon. I hope it will stay for a long time," said Zophiel.

"Kaine woke up," said Zachriel. "Let's see what he is going to do."

Kaine was flying in the warm morning sunshine, the sound of cars and their horns beeping below, the wind hitting his smiling face. He flew fast between the buildings. He was going to the international news company in his city, the same news channel through which they had talked about Geryon.

He landed at the main doors of this big company and walked in with high self-confidence. Once he was inside, a wind that shook everything inside the building moved along with his every step. Everyone left their work to look at him. The Warrior from Heaven was here. He knew where to go; his powers let him know everything so easily. After walking inside for a while, he

got to the reporter.

"Sir, can we have an interview with you?" asked the reporter excitedly.

"I want to go the main room, where you broadcast the news to the world," said Kaine.

"Sorry, Sir, but what do you want to do exactly?"

"I want to talk to the world now, through your channel. So how can I do that and where should I go?" asked Kaine.

Someone wearing an expensive suit came in. He was the manager of the station. "Hello, Sir. How can I help you?" he asked.

"I want to talk to the world. Can I do that through your channel now?"

"Are you serious? Sure you can, Sir. Come with me." The manager was so excited. They went to another room next to room they were in, and everyone followed them.

They made Kaine sit where he should, lights on, cameras all over the place. Everyone was talking fast, excited and full of energy. A girl came and put a small microphone on the collar of his shirt, under his mouth, and went away. All were ready now, and silence prevailed.

"Are you ready, Sir?" asked the manager.

"Yes, I am," answered Kaine.

"I think almost everyone in this world knows you now, and I have a plan," said the manager.

Then the manager went out of the room because he wanted to do something.

"He is going to call the president, because we are one of the channels that go to the White House to interview the president when he wants to speak to the world," said the cameraman.

"Seriously?" said Kaine, amazed.

"Yeah, so I think anyone who is watching TV now in America will automatically be on our channel," said the cameraman.

"Well, that would be great."

The manager came back. "The president is going to call the leaders around the world, so everyone who is watching TV around the world will automatically be on our channel."

"See, Mr. Kaine? I told you," said the cameraman.

"But how did you convince him that fast?" asked Kaine.

"I told him that Mr. Kaine is very angry and is in my station. And he wants the world to watch," said the manager.

Kaine chuckled. "It's time."

"OK then, let's start," said the manager.

"Three . . . two . . . one," counted the cameraman.

Kaine went on the air. Everyone watching TV could see Kaine now—channels in restaurants, store-fronts, and houses could only watch him now. Irene, Madeline, and Nero were watching, too, in Kaine's and Irene's house.

Kaine spoke with self-confidence. "Good morning. I hope that many are watching now. I want to say something to all of you about life. Can't you see that this world is no longer a happy one? It's more of a sad one. This world is full of hatred and greed and many other sins that have conquered our minds. We no longer help each other because we only care of ourselves, and I think all of us can see that. We can change this world—we can do anything if we stand with each other instead of each of us alone. Men and women, children and adults, we need to stop this agony and suffering in the world together. But many may not understand me now, because they don't think or feel—they only live like machines in this world. In other words, they live in a box without looking outside it. But we need to stop being like that. Just look around you to see the reality, and it's that we have the power of love, not hatred, in our hearts. Only sick people have hatred, so let us fight for this world together and make it a wonderful one, a beautiful

one full of love and happiness, peace and unity. We must use everything we have, like technologies and power, to help each other instead of conquer each other. We have a wrong idea in our minds, which is that only the strongest survive. The truth is that the strong protect the weak, and that's how it should be. I'm saying all of that because tomorrow at six p.m., six minutes, and six seconds, Hell will rise on Earth and the demons will be everywhere. And what you saw before, the two things I killed, were demons and not aliens as the news said. So we need to stop our madness and start doing what's right, which is to stand together in unity and make peace. If we don't, then this world will be wiped out by the Devil and his army."

Then he stood with glory and looked at the camera, his eyes glowing red. He continued his speech so seriously, so bravely. "So do you understand now? I want to see everyone who's with me in the streets right now. Raise your hands so high that Heaven can see you, and roar to these skies that God made for us. These are our lands and our skies, our families and our lives. We will protect them no matter what, so let us see what Hell can do. Together we will win and bring Hell back to its knees. So, who's with me?!" he roared.

Kaine disappeared at once. He went outside and floated in the sky above the station, the wind playing around him and lifting his hair. Sunlight reflected on his face and skin as he looked down to see who was outside, who was ready to listen that fast.

Inside the station, in the room where Kaine had just been, there were papers all over the place. Everyone's hair was disheveled; Kaine's disappearance had been so fast that it messed up the room like a powerful hurricane. They all looked at each other, shocked, without saying a word. "Where did he go?" asked the manager slowly, in a low voice. They all looked at him without moving.

Kaine appeared at his house in front of his wife, Madeline, and Nero like a flash. He understood his power well and had courage like never before, belief like never before. With his steps and voice, they could feel that in their hearts.

"You did it, bro," said Nero.

"I did it because of you guys," said Kaine.

"No, actually, you did it yourself. And what you said on the news was, like . . . you know, WOW!" said Madeline.

"How did you know it's going to be tomorrow, honey?" asked Irene.

"I don't know. I just felt it," said Kaine. *I really can feel darkness coming tomorrow*, he thought. The others could see that Kaine's mind was full of thoughts.

"You OK, honey?" asked Irene.

"Yup," he answered.

"Bro, I called them, and they saw your speech. After you finished talking on the news, the armies started their engines. They are going to be ready for tomorrow, and now the world will listen to whatever what you say."

"Good. Then let's go to make sure everything is OK. And whether they need to know something or not," said Kaine.

"All right! Let's go. It has been a long time since I've seen the general," said Nero.

"Sorry, honey, have to go," said Kaine to Irene. He caught Nero by his shoulder.

"OK, honey. I love you," said Irene.

"I love you, too. Don't be sad—it will be all over soon," said Kaine. Then both Kaine and Nero disappeared.

In the army regions, tanks and air fighters were ready and all

types of weapons were being loaded. Soldiers marched on the sidelines, calling each other. It was going to be a long night to get ready for tomorrow.

"GO . . . GO . . . GO!" soldiers shouted as the wheels of moving tanks shook the ground beneath them. Then Kaine and Nero appeared from nowhere in front of the general. Nero shook his head. It was sunny, so the general took off his sunglasses to look at Nero.

"How are you, Sir?" asked Nero.

"Everything is all right, Son. How was the flight?" asked the general.

"Made me a bit dizzy, but I'm fine," said Nero.

"Do I have to go to other countries? Or can you make sure that they are ready, too?" asked Kaine.

"No, son, you don't have to. We already talked to other countries' armies, so it's all unity today, and we will help countries who are already down. We have parts of our armies in those countries. And it's not only America who is helping—everyone is helping," answered the general.

"I'm glad to hear that," said Kaine.

"We have to take the children and the women to the hiding places," said Nero.

"None wanted to go. The children are going to stay in their houses with their mothers, and the men are ready," said the general.

"But it's not safe," said Kaine.

"Don't underestimate the power of women, Warrior. They'll fight for their children and for their men. When they want to protect someone they love, no one can stop them. So don't worry, son," said the general.

"OK! I think houses are better hiding places anyway, so they won't all be in one place," said Kaine.

"I wanted to ask you something," said the general.

"Sure, go ahead," said Kaine.

"How can we hurt those demons? I mean, are you sure bullets can hurt them?" asked the general.

"Don't worry—they will be killed by your weapons. They are not powerful like me and the two I killed," answered Kaine.

"And because this world did what God wants, it's full of love and peace, and because of that, the demons will lose part of their power when they come to Earth, too . . . I think," said Nero.

"Well, that may be also true. They won't be that tough. They are just normal human souls who chose the wrong path," said Kaine.

"Sir! Sorry for interrupting, but we need to go," said a soldier from the other side to the general.

"OK then. I'll see you later, both of you," said the general.

"Sure you will, Sir," said Nero.

"I'll be back. I need to do something," said Kaine quickly.

"Wait a minute," said Nero.

Kaine flew up high, lifting dust around him. Nero covered his eyes, coughing from the dust.

"Wait! At least take me with you," he shouted.

Somewhere in the middle of New York City was the sound of something falling and piercing the sky, the clouds, and the wind. It was Kaine.

"Look! It's Warrior from Heaven. But, what is he holding?" someone in the crowd below shouted.

The light was blinding, so their vision wasn't clear. It was only a shade of him coming down toward one of the roofs of a big building. He was holding an immense white flag. White

was the color of purity, innocence, goodness, and more. He planted the flag into a corner of the roof he had landed on so that everyone in the street could see it. Wind fluttered the flag.

"This should be the flag for all countries, the flag of goodness, light, and peace!" shouted Kaine.

Irene and Madeline were at home. Irene was sad, holding a cup of tea to warm her chilled hands. No words came out of her mouth, only soft breathing. Madeline noticed her while watching cartoons.

"There is a war coming and you're watching cartoons," said Irene.

"Sorry, but I have to keep my mind busy with something. Kaine will put a shield or something around this house to protect us, right, Sis?" said Madeline.

"I don't like that idea," said Irene.

"Why not?"

"Because we have to help him. We can't just hide. I mean, everyone is helping."

"That's true, but many will die, and I don't think Kaine will let any of us out—especially you," said Madeline.

"You're afraid. That's why you want to stay," said Irene.

"Of course I am. What should we do? Go hit demons in their faces?" asked Madeline sharply.

"OK then, but if anything happens to Kaine, I'm going out whether you like it or not."

"He is not going to be hurt again," said Madeline, taking her sister's hand.

Irene started crying. "I don't want to lose him again."

"You won't, honey. He is powerful now and he is already dead,

so he can't die again, right? He is from Heaven," said Madeline softly as she started wiping Irene's tears with her hands.

"You're crazy. You can't say he is already dead. That's awful to hear," said Irene, and then she giggled. Half happy, half sad, they hugged each other and stopped talking, without even trying to think of tomorrow.

Nine

A Devil's Heart

Kaine came home that night. He had Nero with him on this dark cold night. Silence gripped New York City and the world. Were they all ready? Were they up to facing Hell? There were many people in the streets, sleeping, and many in homes. It was the calm before the storm. For once, humanity and love were more powerful than devastating weapons all over the world. It was a legendary day of getting Earth ready to face Hell, a godlike unity of souls that might make Earth tremble if they roared together or maybe if they jumped together with fists of purity up high, moving the wind above and around them. United humanity stood and divided it would fall. They understood that now, at least.

Irene, Madeline, and Nero were sleeping. Nero was on the couch in the living room and Madeline and Irene were in Kaine and Irene's room. Kaine wasn't asleep; he couldn't sleep and didn't need to. No angel got tired or had to sleep. He was just lying in the living room on the other couch with a smile on his face because he had done what he should have. He still didn't know the Devil or his power, but with this unity he had made, nothing would put fear in his heart or anyone else's heart.

The next morning, Kaine said, "Honey." He kisses Irene and she woke up. "Madeline, Nero, wake up," he said. They all were

awake now. It was still morning, but the sun wasn't shining that brightly today. They all understood why as they looked out the window, wondering what that hour would be like.

"Honey, today this world is counting on you," said Irene.

"I know, but the three of you must stay here, no matter what," said Kaine.

"Can't I go with you, honey?" asked Irene.

Kaine was mad. "No, honey, of course not. I can't fight the Devil and protect you at the same time."

"You died in front of me! Do you know how that feels?"

"Come here, honey," he said, hugging her and kissing her on her head.

"Don't worry about him. He can split Hell into pieces now," said Nero.

"I won't go out," said Irene.

"Promise me," said Kaine.

"I promise," answered Irene reluctantly.

Outside the house, up in the skies, there was a view showing everyone ready to fight. Everyone was outside, and the whole world was ready to fight and face Hell. A fearless world stood together, serious eyes everywhere—some smoking, some drinking their coffees. Each person looked at his or her watch every now and then, waiting for the time to come.

At six p.m., Kaine was up high and waiting. It was almost time. Everyone below stood still and looked around. They don't know from where demons might come, but Kaine felt it; it was going to be from above.

In Hell, passion for bloodlust was rising. Demons were roaring and jumping all over with fists of fury. It was time . . .

"Make space!" shouted the Devil.

Every demon around him moved a little bit backwards to give the Devil space. He was going to open the gates. Suddenly, he put his hands like the sharpest knives in the ground under him and roared, opening it as if he were opening a door beneath him.

Kaine felt a huge power from above at once, but kept his balance in the air. He heard loud cracking. Too many cracks were opening everywhere in the sky, and fire came out of them, like flaming dragons. He heard scary screams. Now it was darker—no more sun, only darkness.

Suddenly, demons started falling from every crack, landing everywhere. Humans couldn't move. They had never thought there would be that much darkness, that much evil, that much fire, and that many crazy demons ready to eat each one of them.

After a while, a big demon stepped forward. "It's you or us, demons," Kaine said bravely. "Aaaaahhh!" he shouted and ran toward one of them with a metal stick and hit the demon in the face. The demon fell down. There was silence for a minute. Everyone was watching, filling up with courage. They understood that they could win. There were smiles on the humans' faces, and there was fear on the demons' faces. Then each person ran toward a demon with whatever he had and there were roars all over from brave human hearts. They kicked those demons down, beating each one of them.

Kaine didn't move; he just looked through the crack above him. Any demon who did hit Kaine while falling decomposed easily. No normal demon could touch Kaine, but he still felt heavy darkness above. *Where are you?* he thought.

Then a shade came out of the crack. It was the Devil. He rushed toward Kaine and pushed him down with him. Kaine hit the ground like a boulder. The Devil landed nearby on his feet and started walking toward Kaine. Kaine stood up, cleaned the dust off himself, and moved toward the Devil.

They stood at a bit of a distance from one another. "Your army will fall," said Kaine.

"I don't care. I can rule this world by myself," answered the Devil. He pushed everything around with rage by powering himself up. With just a look, he made Kaine fall to the ground.

Then he kicked Kaine on his back while he was on the ground. Kaine flew from the kick, hit the wall of a building, and fell to the ground. Then Kaine's eyes and the veins around them glowed red. He had beaten Geryon easily when he was like that, but it didn't look like he could hurt the Devil.

He jumped fast toward the Devil and started hitting him. The Devil didn't want to stop. Kaine punched him, and he let Kaine hit him in the face, in the stomach, and all over his body with a smile on his face. The Devil didn't move an inch from his place; he stood like a powerful, rooted tree that would never fall.

Then Kaine jumped back in fear. *It can't be*, he thought.

"How does it feel to believe in someone who can lift the grounds and drop the skies?" asked the Devil.

Kaine didn't answer. His eyes were open wide and he didn't know what to do.

"This God of yours can do anything, but he won't help you. You'll see," said the Devil.

Then Kaine got hit so hard that he crashed to the ground. The war was still on, but the demons were falling one by one. The humans were happy because they were winning. All the soldiers and people were doing their best, but this Devil must fall or he'd destroy Earth. No nuclear weapons could hurt him

and no human could affect him. Only Heaven could.

At Kaine's and Irene's home, Madeline screamed, "Irene!" She wasn't there.

Nero ran through the house to search for her. "Shit!" he said, and then he ran toward the drawer next to the door and opened it. The car keys weren't there.

Madeline started crying. Nero didn't know what to do except stand there.

Kaine was on the ground and he couldn't move a muscle. The Devil stood at a bit of distance, laughing at him. "So weak. Is that all?" he sneered. Everyone could see the Devil and Kaine, but no one dared to come near.

Suddenly, Irene stopped the car between people and came running out of it with Nero's gun. "Leave my love alone!" she shouted bravely at the Devil. She came toward him and fired off many shots from the gun in the Devil's face. He laughed hard at her; the bullets didn't leave a single scratch on his face.

"Honey . . ." Kaine mumbled. "You promised." He tried to stand up, but suddenly the Devil sucked the wind around Irene with his hand so that she went directly to his hand. He caught her and turned her to look at Kaine. He was holding her by her neck. He smiled an evil smile at Kaine.

"Leave her!" shouted Kaine, standing up with rage. *God! Help me, please!* Kaine thought. "Leave her! This is between you and me!" he shouted.

"Make me," sneered the Devil. "Now I'm going to show you what real pain is."

"Don't you dare," said Kaine angrily.

"I will show you that God won't interfere and won't help you. Many people on Earth have gotten killed, burned, and tortured to death, and God never interfered. He wouldn't help you even if the love of your life suffered to death in front of you," said the Devil.

"We've seen what Hell can do, but we've never thought about what Heaven is up to," said Kaine.

"What is that supposed to mean?" asked the Devil.

"It means that none of us should lose faith," said Kaine.

"But that doesn't mean that it should be like that. And now you'll understand what I'm saying," shouted the Devil. Irene couldn't move; she just looked at Kaine with those innocent eyes, tears falling. She smiled at him. "I love you," she said from the bottom of her heart.

Suddenly, the Devil cracked her neck and there was silence all over the place. Everything around them started floating. Kaine's power was rising, but Irene fell to the ground in front of him. Some blood came out of her mouth. She was dead! Kaine fell to his knees, looking at Irene. His expression kept changing, and his eyes are white with no pupils.

In Heaven, the masters watched what was happening with Kaine from above and did nothing. This should happen, they believed, so they couldn't interfere.

"She is here now," said Amitiel.

"Yes, she is. She's fine, and she will like it here," said Temeluch.

"What about him? And his power control?" asked Michael.

"Don't worry—he won't lose control," said Zophiel.

"You're right. He won't," said Zachriel.

"He is using only around one percent of his power. He needs more, but he needs to know how to do it," said Michael.

"Don't worry—he will use almost ten percent now," said Zophiel.

"Great. That should do it," said Michael.

Kaine's rage was rising, and his roar was getting louder and louder as his tears fell. His power was rising and rising. Cracks spread around him as waves of wind came out from him. Then Irene's body was sucked into the ground. The Devil was amazed but kept smiling, and he started walking toward Kaine. When he was almost there, Kaine roared furiously into the sky, making the Devil fly backwards. The Earth trembled beneath, and rocks floated up from the ground around Kaine like explosions were happening, lifting anything in the way. The cracks were already kilometers long, and the rocks were flying upwards. Cars were flying away, buildings were cracking, and glass was shattering. People ran inside buildings.

Tears started evaporating off Kaine's face. His skin was getting so dark, as if pure black paint had been poured on it, like a night sky without any stars. His fists were full of fire and his feet were full of ice. He closed his eyes for a second and then opened them fast. A force came out of his eyes that calmed everything. The cracks stopped and floating objects fell. His pupils looked like crosses, black crosses in those red, glowing eyes.

Kaine stood and started walking. With every step he chilled what was beneath him; with every movement of his body, things around him were pushed away. The world was calm because the demons were gone, and the Devil was the only one left.

The Devil was ready to fight. He was in a rage, his whole body fired up. There was fire from his eyes, his hair, and around his body. "This can't be happening. How did God just give you that much of power?!" shouted the Devil.

"God gave you the same once, but you used it for your own sake, so he took it away from you," said Kaine in a thick, brave voice.

"SHUT UP! You don't know shit. You don't know anything about life," shouted the Devil.

"I know that I can split Hell into two pieces so easily right now. But I won't, because I realize that I'm better than you. Irene is now in Heaven, so I can see her anytime," said Kaine.

"You can't forgive me. Just continue the fight," said the Devil with rage.

"I won't forgive you," said Kaine.

Then Kaine punched the Devil in the stomach as hard as he could. The punch was so fast and powerful that the Devil opened his mouth in pain. The ground beneath them opened like a big hole. The punch moved the clouds above and a big wave of wind came out of it. The Devil flew backward like a bullet. He went through some buildings and then fell onto the street. Kaine was there in a flash, but he was normal again—his shape was normal, his eyes glowed no more, and the dark skin was gone. The Devil couldn't stand because of the pain.

"I want to tell you something. Stand up," said Kaine. He took the Devil's hand and helped him stand.

"You need to know that you can't surpass God. I'm an angel, only one angel, and I kicked your ass. So what if all the angels came down? What would you do then? And what if God interfered? Then you'd have no chance. So just forget about winning. Anyone can change, my friend—even you. You can use your powers for good. I wish to see you one day here on Earth, as a good person. Anyone evil has some goodness in him, and anyone good has some evil in him," said Kaine.

Then he turned and started walking away. Many angels landed next to Kaine. Irene was one of them. Kaine hugged

Irene, and they both shone with some light—no more darkness. All the angels were looking at the Devil.

"I'll try to understand that," mumbled the Devil.

A portal to Hell opened above him in the sky. He flew to it fast—just going back home, it seemed.

"Hi, honey. I love you," Irene said. Everyone was smiling.

"I love you, too," said Kaine, and he kissed her. Every human was in the street, fists to the sky. There was happiness and loud laughing all over. Angels went back to Heaven. The war was over. It would be a lesson for all: without unity mankind would fall, but with it a new world of peace and love would be created.

A month later, everyone was at a theme park. They were happy, playing in the theme park and enjoying the sugary food everywhere. Kaine and Irene looked at a man coming, a nice-looking man with a bright smile and calm eyes. "Hi," he said.

Kaine smiled. "It's you. I can feel your power. It's a relief now . . . no more darkness in you," said Kaine.

"So, what now?" the man asked.

"First, what's your real name? We can't call you the Devil anymore, right?" asked Irene.

"Of course you can't call me that anymore. My real name is Lucifer."

"Nice," said Kaine.

"But what does it mean? Because it shouldn't be an evil name," said Irene.

"It means the carrier of the light," said Lucifer.

"Then that shall be a great name," said Irene.

"Come on. Let's have a tour," said Kaine.

So they talked and walked in this beautiful theme park. No one knew what was up there in Hell.

In Hell, there was a skinny-boned body without any expression on his face—not yet. He had no pupils, just scary white eyes. He walked slowly, knowing nothing, just feeling strange things moving in his body. Hell was somehow empty. The fire had calmed a bit and there weren't too many screams. Suddenly his muscles and skin started forming, and his nails and teeth grew sharper. The strange being started smiling and laughing. He felt the power. He toughened his fists, and the fire started burning more and more around him. He was the dark side of Lucifer; the evil within him was its own demon now—a very powerful demon that would get stronger and stronger with every second, with every hatred or dark heart. He laughed and laughed. Then a flipped cross appeared in his right eye.

"I see . . ." he said in his evil voice.

THE END

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